

A FROST IN THE THAW.

He was a typical Serpentine skater, I thought, as head down and arms swinging he passed me and souged along in front through the half-inch of water with which the sweepers had long since been unable to cope. Suddenly he dropped on to his knee, and before I had time to pull up I had tripped over him and fallen forward into the slush.

Without moving from his position on one knee he helped me to my feet.

"I saw yer was after it," he said, looking up at me knowingly.

"After what?" I inquired, wincing with pain.

He held his closed hand before him.

"Ah, you sor it first," he observed with a wink, "but yer wanted to be quicker down on it."

"The celerity of my descent," I replied, rubbing my injured knee, "more than satisfied my fondest hopes."

"Yes," he said, rising to his feet, with his right hand still closed, "I was too quick for yer."

"That's an unimpeachable statement," I answered, mopping my wet clothes with my handkerchief.

My companion edged closer towards me and looked cautiously around him. Then holding out his hand he opened it slowly and disclosed a massive gold ring lying in his grimy palm.

"Orl right, that, mate, ain't it?" he remarked.

"I don't know," I replied. The ring did not look wet.

"That's gold orl right, yer know, that is," he observed, weighing it in his open palm. "I saw yer was after it."

"I'm afraid," said I, "you must be very sharp."

"Ah, but you sor it first," he acknowledged with some frankness. "Sorter double affair this,—you sor it first, but I got it. It's gold, yer know, mate. Feel it."

I took the ring in my hand, and gave it back to him.

"Well, for what it's worth," said I, "I'm sure you deserve it."

"Ah, but that'd be rough on you, mate," he said, with benignant reproof. "You sor it before me, yer know. Shares is only fair. It's gold. Look at it."

"Oh, come," said I, "I don't think I'm entitled to anything."

His features assumed an expression of unswerving justice.

"I cawn't do yer outer yer share," he said firmly. "You sor it first. Share and share alike. I'm a honest man, I am."

"I've no right to a share, really," I protested.

"Look 'ere, tell yer wot, mate," he



Lady. "HALF-A-CROWN, INDEED! YOUR FARE IS EIGHTEEN-PENCE. I LOOKED IT UP IN BRADSHAW."

Cabman. "WELL, TO BE SURE! WOT A GOOD WIFE YOU *WOULD* 'AVE MADE FOR A PORE MAN!"

exclaimed, in a fit of sudden generosity. "You shall 'ave a third. That's square, that is."

"You're too generous," I murmured.

"It was only my luck bein' a bit quicker than you," he said magnanimously. "Just look at it. This is wot I call a find, this is!"

"What do you think it's worth?" I asked.

He looked at the ring critically.

"That's a three pahnd ring," he said decisively, holding it out to me.

"Don't you think it's worth more than that?" I ventured to suggest.

He hastily made another examination of it.

"More? Why, wot am I torking abaht!" he exclaimed. "That ring ain't worth a 'alfpenny less than five pahnd."

"You think so?" I asked.

"Certain of it," said he, holding the ring out to me again. "You must 'ave your third orl right, mate."

I hastily made the calculation.

"Well, then, you've only to give

me one pound thirteen shillings and fourpence down," I said, "and we're square."

His jaw dropped. "Look 'ere," he began, "I'm a pore man—"

"All right then," I said, "give me thirty shillings, and we'll say nothing about the balance."

"I'm a pore man," he repeated.

"S'pose I was ter try ter sell a valuable article like this 'ere. They'd want ter know where I got it,—think I'd stolen it. Nah, you're a gentleman—"

"Well, then," I suggested, "you might come with me and wait while I sell it."

He looked at me narrowly.

"Of course," I added, "as we're both honest men, we'll call at Scotland Yard first to ask if—"

"Well, afternoon, Sir," he said hastily. "Nasty thor, ain't it?"

And, without waiting to catch my antithetical reply, he pounded off, head down and elbows out, and disappeared into the crowd.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME AND MODERN ENGLAND.

II.

"PANEM ET CIRCENSES."

[With the author's profound acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Sir HENRY CAM BELL-BANNERMAN for the brilliant conception of latter-day Cæsarism contained in his Leicester speech, from which the following extracts are reverently culled:—"We, my colleagues on the platform and I, come here straight from the House of Commons, with the dust of its arena upon us. . . . There is a domestic Imperialism which we know also under the name of Cæsarism. . . . It acts upon the passions of the people—(hear, hear);—it conciliates them in classes . . . by lavish expenditure—(hear, hear);—it occupies men's minds with display and amusement; it inspires a thirst for military glory—(hear, hear);—it crushes opposition and extinguishes liberty (prolonged cheers)."]

Ho! quæstors, sound a progress!
And blow, ye trumpets, blow!
The plebs is out with pomp and rout
To see the Circus Show.
Bright are the roofs with banners,
And bright the Sacred Way,
But brighter still the hopes that fill
The hearts of Rome to-day.
Beneath a purple awning
Behold the Chief recline,
Great SALISBURIUS CÆSAR
Of the old Cæcilian line;
Beside him see ARTHURUS,
His tunic sanguine red,
And in his grasp a driver
Tipped with a bulger head;
And by him, wreathed with orchids
And rapt in proud disdain,
Stands glassy-eyed JOSEPHUS,
The Circus Chamberlain;
While rearwards in the shadow
DALMENIUS moves apart,
His toga's hue as good as new,
Thanks to the cleaner's art.
Now sounds the tuba's signal,
Down falls the barrier-gate,
And forth the belted fighters
Debouch to try their fate:
And first they make obeisance
To CÆSAR throned on high,
And "Ave!" cry, "we greet thee,
Thy warriors doomed to die!"
But hark! the shouts of Havoc!
The shriek of sliding doors—
And forth there swoops in devious troops
A herd of Marsian boars;
Anon the sand is reeking
With blood and flying foam,
And lust of death holds fast the breath
And fires the eyes of Rome.
And, when in weakening remnants
The quarry quits the fray,
With thumbs depressed they whoop their best—
"Hoc habet! Slay and slay!"
Nor yet with glut of slaughter
Is the people's belly full,
But now their chartered minions •
Bait the Hibernian Bull:
And now the Men of Peace that wear
No weapons but their tongues
Receive the staves of hireling knaves
Full on their windy lungs.
• • • • •

Rude were the tale to reckon
Of innocents that fell
In the dust and shame of the butcher's game
That Romans love so well.
But, when the play was ended
At CÆSAR's awful nod,
The riven sky gave back the cry
"Behold a god, a god!"
Hail! Chieftain, hail! whose largess
With lavish hand is spent;
Who fling'st to priest and lordling
Their dole of tithe and rent;
Whose Circus Games have won thee
The public's fair report,—
Long may'st thou last as in the past
To make the people sport!" O. S.

"CHANGE OF NAME," &c.

THE title of Mr. HENRY AUTHOR JONES's new piece is announced as *The Princess's Nose*. Who is cast for the Princess? Will she have to speak through her nose? Is the character an utterly extravagant one, and will she have to "pay through the nose" for her recklessness? Will her character be thoroughly diagnosed in a printed preface? What is the plot? Has the Princess caught a severe cold and, having "thrown her handkerchief" to one of her lovers, hasn't she got another ready for an emergency? Fine situation this. And, besides the *Nose*, what are the other principal features in the play? Shall we hear of *The Prince's Check*? Is she a Chinese Princess with lines about "chin-chin"? Shall we have "the story of her life from ear to ear"? To express a hope that a piece with such a title should be "in for a run" doesn't sound at all pleasant. If, as regards this *Nose*, HENRY AUTHOR will condescend to take a tip, he will change it. As the poet has beautifully expressed it, "What's in a name? A Nose by any other name will smell as well." Take a show of hands on our amendment—"Ayes" (for the alteration) *versus* "Nose" (against it)—and the majority in favour of the former must be two to one. That is evident on the face of it. So let HENRY AUTHOR withdraw his original resolution. We would suggest a title did we know the plot. Has the "Nose" anything to do with the popular game of *Bridge*? Who knows? HENRY AUTHOR does; perhaps his most intimate friends may,—"*nose-citur a sociis*,"—and, after all, dash it, or, we might say, blow it, as it is his affair, not ours, we hope that, on this play's success, we shall not forget to send him a button-hole, or, more appropriately, "a Nose-gay."

ALICE IN CLOVERLAND.

SIR,—The *Sphere* of last week gave a portrait of Miss ALICE ROOSEVELT, to whom a Boston man who had never seen the young lady "bequeathed £25,000, because he admired her father." Have there been many millionaires who have shown how they wish to remember "Sweet ALICE" in a similar manner? Does it follow from this that if I haven't received any such legacy at all it is because no one with money admired *my* father? Ah! Why was I born?

Yours impecuniously,
A PENNY IN THE SLOT.

EXPLANATION.—When the Archbishop of CANTERBURY went to speak on temperance at Cambridge, he alluded to himself, when receiving an honorary degree, as a "τετράγωνος ἄνθρωπος." Evidently a Greek temperance waiter's title; probably descriptive of a man who went round with the tea-tray.



THE AMERICAN HONEYSUCKLE AND THE HOHENZOLLERN BEE.

Columbia (singing). "I AM THE HONEYSUCKLE!"
Prince Henry of Prussia. "I AM THE BEE!"



ANOTHER MISUNDERSTANDING.

Wife. "OH, EDWIN, I CAN'T FIND THAT LETTER YOU LOST ANYWHERE; AND I'VE GIVEN MYSELF SUCH A HEADACHE HUNTING FOR IT!"

Edwin (sympathetically). "AH! YOU DON'T LOOK VERY WELL, DEAR."

Wife. "I WISH TO GOODNESS YOU'D LOOK YOURSELF, THEN!"

"VISIONS ABOUT" AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

Blue-Bell in Fairyland has already been performed more than a hundred times, and still remains, and is likely to remain, the freshest, merriest, sweetest, prettiest of all the "pieces of extravagance" now to be seen in and about London. To class such a piece is difficult. It is pathetic, for does not sweet ELLALINE TERRISS appeal to us as the most distressful seller of violets that ever yet was seen? And don't our hearts go out to her, and wouldn't the sixpences go out of our pockets to her, as they do, and half-sovereigns too, from the purse or purses of the *Cheeryble* brotherly old gentleman who, with a couple of grotesquely comic servants (Messrs. MURRAY KING and SIDNEY HARCOURT) carrying his bags of money about for him, meets *Blue-Bell*, constitutes himself her father, friend, and patron, and intends—that is, as far as it is possible to ascertain this admirable millionaire's intentions from his eccentric actions—to provide for *Blue-Bell* in perpetuity?

But who, with an eye for grace of action, ear for charm of melody, and appreciation of originality in arrangement, could refuse any amount of helping "hands" to produce the thunders of applause that redemand over and over again ELLALINE TERRISS's perfectly delightful, sweet, simple, and touching rendering of "*The Honeysuckle and the Bee*"—*Blue-Bell* being the Honey-suckle on the stage, while the Bee's reply is given by a fresh young voice issuing

from out of the darkness in which the front of the house is enveloped. The effect is wonderful.

"I am the honey-honey-suckle," sings ELLALINE TERRISS, peering up from the stage, and immediately "I am the Bee," replies the invisible possessor of a tuneful alto voice, "perched," as was DIBDIN's "Sweet little cherub, up aloft." It is the very essence of a surprise. Where is that "*Vox et præterea Nil?*" Is it "far away where angels dwell," or does it issue from an Apollo among the gods in the gallery? What wonder were Miss ELLALINE, when she repeats the refrain, to alter the first line, and address the hidden chorister with

"You're in the upper-suckles?"

and for the Voice to reply,

"Aye, that I be!"

Which slight alteration might fix the temporary *habitat* of *Son Altesse*. This is herewith commended to Manager and Actor SEYMOUR HICKS. In this piece we might 'see more' Hicks than we do.

The crossing-sweeper *Dicky* is played by him with perfectly electrifying vivacity, for he is all over the place and back again in less than a minute—HICKS *et ubique*—in fact, a sort of humorous Will-o'-the-Wisp, with "a little quip here, a little crank there, and everywhere a joke," yet relieved by an artistic touch of pathos, that the audience, being nervous lest he should collapse from over-exertion, are really gratified on discovering that he has suddenly become

the *Sleeping King* whose slumbers have lasted three hundred years.

But would such repose suit Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS-et-ubique? Not a bit of it. He is like "the little quiver fellow" whom *Shallow* remembered in *Arthur's* show, who "would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in; rah, tah, tah, would he say; bounce, would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come;—I shall never see such a fellow." His imitations of popular personages are most happy; in a second, with a word and an eyeglass, he is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN: in another second he is somebody else—Sir HENRY IRVING, BEERBOHM-TREE or CHARLES WYNDHAM; the two latter imitations unsurpassably good.

Oh, dear! *Alice in Wonderland* and the *Rabbit*, and the *Hatter*, not to mention the *Walrus* and the *Carpenter*, are all sensible sober-sided individuals in comparison with the characters in the marvellous "Musical Dream Play" in two acts, by Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS and WALTER SLAUGHTER (whose music never ceases to sparkle and keep the proceedings perfectly harmonious throughout), with "lyrics" by Mr. AUBREY HOPWOOD, and one effective song, capitably sung by Miss FLORENCE LLOYD, who represents, "in the handsomest manner possible," the Reigning Queen Consort of *The Reigning King* (Mr. STANLEY BRETT) of somewhere or other; but to give the realm a name would puzzle Mr. HICKS, not to mention his musical collaborateur, Mr. SLAUGHTER, the composer of such "killing" music.

And what a school for actors is not this piece! There are children here—precious clever children, and pretty too are not a few of them—from very early ages up to sweet seventeen, who can sing in tune, speak their lines distinctly, and suit the action to the word and the word to the action. As *Tommy the Highlander*, little Miss KATHLEEN COURTNEY is immense; but the *Highlander's* girl, who simply by her hearty laughing sends the house into convulsions of merriment, and whose name it is difficult to hit upon in the crowded programme, is a little person, of about five or six years old, whom everyone should see, appreciate, and remember when, perhaps, years hence, she may be playing *Beatrice* to some distinguished *Benedick*.

The finish of it all is as artistic as it is unexpected. From the visions we wake to reality, and *Blue-Bell* and *Dick* are apparently not much better off than they were before the dream, but are all in all to each other. Let no one miss seeing this delightful piece.

CHURCH AND STATE.

O'er the visit to Burton blue ribbons are rent;
Yet the King had a true theological bent:
He wished to preside at a Council of Trent.



"DEFINITE SEPARATION."

Hamlet . . . LORD R-S-B-R-Y. *Ophelia* . . . C-MPB-LL-B-NN-BM-N.
Hamlet. "GO TO YOUR PONTIFFERY. Go!"

[Lord ROSEBERY, in a letter to the *Times*, Friday, Feb. 21, alludes to Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN as "speaking pontifically within his tabernacle."]

PRINCIPLE AND UNITY.

(In style of leader in the "W-stm-nst-r Gazette.")

THE conflict between the theorist and the practical man of affairs, between boundless aspiration and possible performance, is no doubt as old as the creation of man. It meets us at every turn and in every department of life. It raged acutely even in the Garden of Eden; it disturbs the meetings of Parish Councils. It has agitated the Cabinets of Kings, and has divided families, formerly contented, into jarring sections whose contests are embittered by the very fact that the antagonists are related to one another and are highly conscious each of the shortcomings of the other. Sometimes dormant, but never extinguished, it is sure to break out with special violence in the ranks of a body striving against overwhelming numbers for recognition and influence. It is the part of wisdom, while acknowledging the existence of this conflict, not to embitter it by rashness in word or act, but to trust to the effect of time and opportunity for the reconciliation of differences which can be compromised without undue surrender on either side, provided there is, together with an adherence to principle, a genuine desire for unity of action against a common foe.

We make these observations, it is hardly necessary to say, with an earnest desire that they may be laid to heart by all those who are interested in the fortunes of the Liberal Party. We have incurred some criticism from the more ardent spirits of the two sections into which, as we are told by the Conservative press, that Party has now definitely split. The office of peacemaker is at all times a thankless one, but if the Party is ever to regain its position and to make its influence prevail with the mass of voters in the country, it is essential that no opportunity should be lost for pouring oil on the troubled waters. We propose to the best of our ability to pursue that task in spite of the criticism to which it may expose us on the part of those in whose interests we are acting, and whose good-will, we may add, we have no wish to abandon. That appeal, strong at all times, gains a special force from the circumstances of the moment. A furious controversy has begun with reference to Lord ROSEBERY's remarks in his recent speech at Stornoway. To avoid misapprehension we quote them in full:—

"Nothing, said Lord ROSEBERY, is in these days more important than a proper application of the forces that make for progress to the reactionary tendencies of traditional Toryism. I have no part in politics. I come before you as a quiet student, a detached observer of the storm and bustle of the world. But I am asked for my advice, and I give it. The root of our evils seems to me to be a perpetual agitation. If I may say so, we wave our arms too violently and move our legs too much. I should suggest to my friends of the Liberal Party, though I do not presume to do more than suggest in a humble but earnest spirit, that they should concentrate their energies by lopping off these superfluous legs and arms. When that is done, the heart

and brain can still be sound, and the trunk and the head can do good work without the distraction of ornamental but too often useless limbs."

In itself, it would seem, this passage is innocent enough, but it has been seized upon and distorted both by those who represent the extreme anti-war section of the Party and by those who look upon Lord ROSEBERY as a new MOSES destined to guide them to the promised land. "Behold," say the former, "how Lord ROSEBERY desires us to exist. He refuses to spare us even a toe or a little finger with which to eke out our maimed existence. Never can we stoop to the degradation involved in this suggested mutilation." Surely this is a somewhat violent and literal interpretation to place upon remarks which we are at liberty to believe Lord ROSEBERY had no intention of pressing too strictly. But, on the other hand, we can have but little sympathy with the proposal put forward by Dr. HEBER HART, and supported, we regret to notice, by Sir EDWARD GREY, that only those who voluntarily submit to the loss of their limbs should be recognised as genuine Liberals. It is true that Sir EDWARD GREY mitigated the harshness of his remarks by advocating the use of anesthetics in all cases, but the suggestion does not go far towards removing our objections to the imposition of this new test. Our object is to rule no man out, and though for many reasons it might perhaps, under different circumstances, be advisable to adhere to the plan suggested by Lord ROSEBERY, we can only say that we doubt if the time has yet come for putting into force a remedy so drastic and, after all, so uncertain in its results.

There is room in the Liberal party for all shades of men. The essential point is that we should keep in view definite aims and not lose ourselves in by-paths of useless recrimination. The late Mr. X. was a useful member of society, in spite of the fact that nature had refused him those excrescences the removal of which Lord ROSEBERY is understood to advocate. The example may be commended to those who see in Lord ROSEBERY's speech a definite recantation of Liberal doctrines and ideals. But legs and arms have still, within reason, their use, as Lord ROSEBERY himself would be the last to deny.

DARBY JONES ON THE BETTING COMMITTEE.

HONOURED SIR,—It is some Decades of Months ago since I advocated in your unparalleled Journal the Licensing of Bookmakers, and for so doing I was, I regret to say, scoffed at by those whose Hide is Impervious to the Penetration of Truth. But what has more than one



BROTHERS IN ART.

New Arrival. "WHAT SHOULD I CHARGE FOR TEACHING ZE PIANOFORTE?"

Old Stager. "Oh, I DON'T KNOW."

N. A. "VELL, TELL ME VOT YOU CHARGE."

O. S. "I CHARGE FIVE GUINEAS A LESSON."

N. A. "HIMMEL! HOW MANY PUPILS HAVE YOU GOT?"

O. S. "Oh, I HAVE NO PUPILS!"

Witness testified during the present Enquiry? Precisely what the humble D. J. suggested through your Doric-Ionic Columns. Treat a Bookmaker like a Cabman, or a seven-and-sixpenny dog, and he becomes a Personage instead of a Parvenu.

HONOURED SIR, Salt Tears of Laughter trickled from my eyes when I read the evidence of the Right Honourable the Chairman of the Epsom Bench of Magistrates with regard to Welshers. His Honour desired that Policemen should wait on the Layers and Takers of Odds all over the Course. I can fancy the Imperial Chuckling of his August Neighbour, the Earl of ROSEBERY, when

he read the statement of the Unbeneficed Beak. A Bobby to every party of Bookmakers is SPLENDID in theory; but the slippery DE WET is not more Agile in his Escapes than is a Salted Welsher. You might ring him with Minions of the Law, but he would vanish with the ease of one of Mr. MASKELYNE'S Metamorphoses.

But, Sir, were the Bookies and their not always genteel Pencillers registered, the wily Welsher would find his occupation gone. You can't stop betting by Act of Parliament. You might just as well try to prevent the onrush of an Express Train with a Hurdle. DARBY JONES.

TO NEERA.

TEMP. 1902.

["Girls are beginning to complain of scanty hair"—the result of persistent frizzing and waving.—*Graphic*, Feb. 18.]

I.

FAIR NEERA, once there was a time
When (at any rate in rhyme
Acting on Miltonic precedent)
I could, with immense content,
Sport amid the tangles of your hair
Dowered with luxuriance rare!

II.

No, I don't to Hampstead Heath allude,
Or the ways and manners rude
Prevalent upon Bank Holiday—
Still, you could with pride display
In your childhood such a *chevelure*
As few mermaids could procure.

III.

But, alas! you were ill satisfied
With what Nature had supplied,
Thought each wavy lock too straight and
limp,
And began to crisp and crimp,
Heedless, while the curling-tongs you
ply,
Of the coming by-and-by!

IV.

When you're twenty and would fain
"come out,"
Then you find without a doubt
That your wealth of hair's preceded
you,
Coming out before it's due!
'Tis a case of previousness, I grant,
Trying to a *débutante*.

V.

Now a transformation with a bang
Comes (to write it gives a pang)
O'er your head and o'er my dream as
well;
Never more, I grieve to tell,
Dare I trifle with that tangled tress—
Wigs will seldom bear the stress.

THE MORAL REFORMER.

(A Page from Her Diary.)

[In discussing the means of suppressing a certain public nuisance, the *British Medical Journal* remarks that "the glare and the frown of a strong-minded woman would be more effective than a wilderness of pamphlets."]

Monday.—Much struck by this sentence in the *British Medical Journal*, which JACK read out at breakfast. Have been looking for some good work to take up during Lent. Attempts at district-visiting not altogether a success, and stupid editors refuse my articles on social questions. But apparently the best way for a woman to be useful is to "glare" and "frown" in public. I will try the plan to-day.

Tuesday.—Wandered about most of yesterday, making faces at appropriate

TRANSFORMATIONS.

["In Paris, in view of the Coronation festivities . . . the trade in artificial calves is very brisk."—*St. James's Gazette*.]



THE EARL OF SPINDLESHANKS AS HE
APPEARED AT OSTEND.



THE EARL OF SPINDLESHANKS AS HE WILL
APPEAR AT THE CORONATION.

moments. Met Captain JOHNSON smoking a cigarette. Cigarette-smoking is a pernicious habit, so I glared and frowned at him like anything. He seemed surprised, but I don't think he threw away his cigarette. Still, no doubt, it had more effect upon him than "a wilderness of pamphlets." Shortly after, came across a gentleman wearing a hideous green and yellow tie—a flagrant breach of good taste, which it was my duty to reprove. So I halted immediately in front of him, pointed to his tie, frowned ferociously and glared. Evidently he was conscience-stricken, for he simply turned tail and fled. Ah, if only all the women in England would use their influence in this way, how quickly the plague of inartistic ties would be stamped out! In the next street I saw an old gentleman give a penny to a crossing-sweeper. Plainly it is one's duty to encourage kind deeds just as much as to remedy abuses. I smiled and kissed my hand at him affectionately. The lady with him looked quite annoyed, and seemed to be demanding an explanation as I passed on. In St. James's Street I met young CHARLIE WINKWORTH coming down the steps of his club. CHARLIE has no right to belong to an expensive club, his income is much too small. So I glared and frowned, alternately, for quite two minutes. I distinctly heard him gasp "Good Lord!" so my rebuke must have gone home. On my way back I passed Dr. THISTLETON in his carriage—smoking a cigar, I was sorry to notice. Still, he is kind to his poorer patients, so I hesitated how to treat him. Finally I compromised by alternately kissing my hand and frowning. He stopped his carriage and insisted on taking me home, asking a great many absurd questions about my health as we went.

Wednesday.—I must have caught a cold yesterday, and am not fit to go out. A great nuisance, just when I was beginning to use my influence for the public good. However, I will spend the morning at the dining-room window, glaring or frowning at every one who goes by.

Later.—Had a most disagreeable morning. I only glared and frowned at the people who seemed to deserve it, just as the *British Medical Journal* recommended. But before long quite a crowd began to assemble outside the house. I glared fiercely and frowned severely, but they wouldn't go away. Unexpectedly JACK came home. He had met Dr. THISTLETON, and seemed very much annoyed. I reminded him of the paragraph he had read to me, and told him that I was only using my influence, as every woman ought to do. But I'm almost afraid that I must take to pamphlet-writing instead.



Grumbling Guest (after any amount of excellent champagne, addressing host). "I SAY, THIS BOTTLE'S CORKED!" Friend of Family, and something of a wag, comes to rescue. "DON'T AGREE AT ALL. I CALL IT UN-CORKED. EH?"
[Relief of everybody and collapse of grumbler.]

SALMON IN THAMES.

[A further number of two-year-old smolts have been turned into the Thames.]

The Thames shall compete with the bountiful Seine,
And angling by ticket shall shortly begin;
While bailiffs, supported by rates, shall restrain
The ubiquitous boy with a worm and a pin.

At Barnes they will make a convenient beach
For the casts of the rich, while the indigent seek
The turbulent waters of Pimlico reach,
Where a rod may be plied at a guinea a week.

And a portion of water at least will be free
(From licence and fish), where the file and the rank,
By the generous leave of the powers that be,
May angle for nothing at all from the bank.

Say fifty per cent. of the salmonidæ
That have entered the Thames with such infinite care
Accomplish an ultimate way to the sea,
And spurn a return to their previous lair;

And forty per cent. eat too freely of mud,
Or fall to itinerant anglers as fry;
And nine disappear 'twixt the neap and the flood,
Just one will be left who may rise to the fly.

Though they angle for him both in season and out,
In every and any conceivable way,
The fish, I am sure, will persistently flout
Their efforts—and perish of senile decay.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OPPORTUNELY, in view of the festival of June next, CHATTO & WINDUS issue *Crowns and Coronations*, described and recorded by Mr. WILLIAM JONES, F.S.A. It is a compendium of information on these points that leaves nothing untold. Colossal industry, directed by admirable judgment, has been devoted to the task. Mr. JONES goes back to earliest history for descriptions of crowns and records of coronations. Naturally what interests us most relates to the history of our own sovereigns. Here it will be found set forth in the picturesque style of contemporary chroniclers. From the time of RICHARD II. to QUEEN VICTORIA the ceremony of successive coronations is described. The late Lord Privy Seal will be interested by reminder of the ceremonial that, from Plantagenet times down to the days of the STUARTS, attended the investiture of Knights of the Bath. In those days the Coronation Procession started from the Tower for Westminster. A preliminary was the creation of a batch of Knights of the Bath. The novice was, on the night before the Coronation, actually tubbed, a process less familiar then than now. Dressing after his bath, wearing a hermit's weed of russet cloth, he kept vigil in the Church till daybreak. When the procession started for Westminster he joined it, and on arriving at Westminster Hall received sword and spurs, and was dubbed knight by the Royal hand. My Baronite dwells in mute delight on the idea of our "Grand Cross" marching, spectacled, in russet cloth, from his bath to keep vigil in Church sans prospect of a cigar.

For every new "Dooley Book," as is this of Mr. Dooley's *Opinions* (HEINEMANN), we are all Dooley thankful," says the smiling
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



WEATHER NOTE.

Tramp. "COULD YER 'ELP A PORE FELLER WOT'S SEEN BETTER DAYS?"

Crusty Old Gent. "SEEN BETTER DAYS, HAVE YOU? WELL, I QUITE BELIEVE IT. I'VE SEEN BETTER DAYS MYSELF!"

BALLAD OF A HOUSE HUNTER.

Do you wonder why my auburn locks are prematurely grey,
Though in business or in love no disappointment have I met?

Eighteen months I have been hunting for a house, but, sad to say,

I have not discovered one that's satisfactory as yet.
I've explored among the suburbs, north and south and east and west,

And in looking at some flats in town a lot of time I've spent;

But there's something always stops me from succeeding in my quest,

It may be the situation, or the drainage, or the rent.

I've inspected red brick villas that were going rather cheap,
With the ordinary dadoes and a tessellated hall;

But the doors were badly fitting and the staircases were steep,
So the jerry builder didn't take my fancy after all.

Now and then I've seen a house that seemed particularly nice,
But the distance from the station was a little bit too great;

There were others that I thought extremely moderate in price
Till I found the railway ran behind and caused them to vibrate.

If the sitting-rooms are spacious—well, the bedrooms may be bad;

If the garden's picturesque, then all the stonework may be old;

At the mention of electric bells perhaps my heart is glad,
Till I find the place is not supplied with water hot and cold.

When artistic grates and overmantels catch my eager eye,
And a glimpse of panelled ceilings makes my energy increase,

All my hopes are dashed completely, for I find out by-and-by
I must bind myself for seven years on a repairing lease.

And at night my sleep is troubled and I toss and turn about,

While a horrid crowd of agents by my bedside ever stands,
And these ghostly individuals continually shout

Choice selections from the catalogues they're holding in their hands.

Then they show me heaps of photographs of houses small and great,

And particulars of "residences standing in their grounds,"

Till I dream that I can purchase a magnificent estate—

Say about ten thousand acres—for the sum of twenty pounds.

Oh, if business would permit, how I should like to wander where

No such things as bricks and mortar one need ever, ever see;

I would take a large and well-appointed castle in the air,
And no doubt I could remain there in the future quite rent free.

But alas! like other mortals I must bear my little load:

On another exploration I will start without delay,

And I'll do my very best to find a suitable abode
Somewhere in the time that's coming between now and quarter-day.

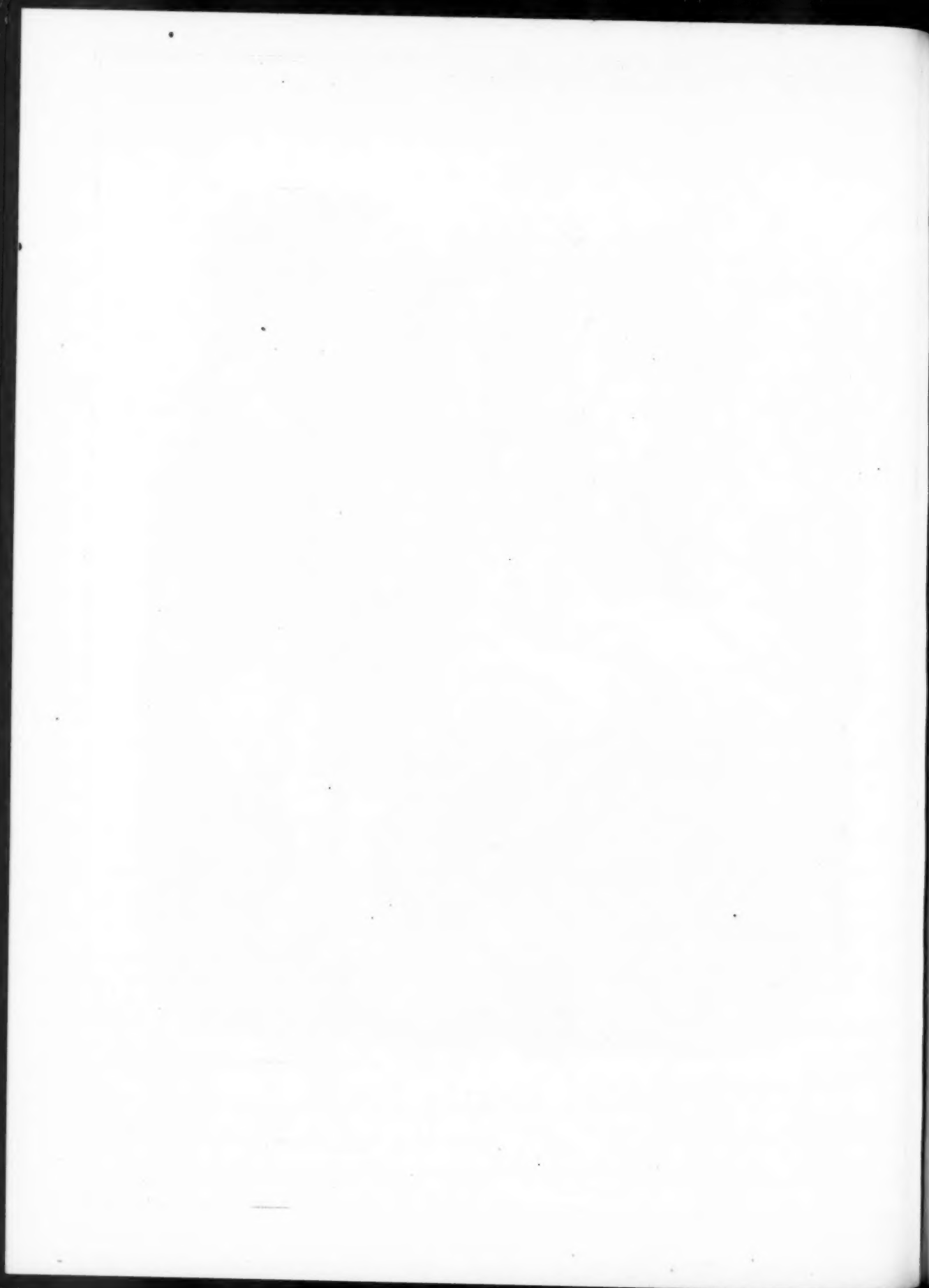


HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.

SHADE OF DRYDEN (*to* LORD KITCHENER).

"OUR TROUBLE NOW IS BUT TO MAKE THEM DARE;
AND NOT SO GREAT TO VANQUISH AS TO FIND."

(*"Annus Mirabilis," on the Dutch War, 1666.*)



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, February 17th.—“A pity,” says SARK, “that the eternal principles of the quart of liquor and the pint pot should be applied to such lofty affairs as the forming of Administrations. If the MARKISS, when settling his Fourth, could, with any show of reasonableness, have worked in HUGH CECIL with the rest of the family, it would have been a great relief to PRINCE ARTHUR. As things are, Leader of the House never knows what Lord HUGH may do. There is one comfort about CAP’EN TOMMY BOWLES. He is sure to be nasty, whatever may be circumstances of the moment. Lord HUGH will lie low and say nuffin for weeks. All of a sudden he’s found loitering in the Lobby on Wednesday afternoons, “with intent,” as police court indictments say; or, just when things are going nicely, up he gets and,

Washing his hands with invisible soap,
In imperceptible water,

makes rasping speech that upsets everything.”

Don’t agree with my hon. friend if he implies that the toils of office would have fettered Lord HUGH’s individuality. Doubtless he would have accepted a salaried post had it been offered to him. ’Tis the way of the CECILS since the spacious times of QUEEN ELIZABETH. But he would have been just as awkward to deal with on the Treasury Bench as he is below Gangway. Is even fanatically honest. Sees men and things along a narrow shaft of light; believes he sees



“Mr. Speaker, Sir, oi’ve had the experience of being suspended en bloc, but niver in dhetail.”

(Mr. T. P. O’C-ne-r.)



SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THE HOUSE OF COMMONS’ “CHESS CIRCLE.”

them clearly and truly. Once convinced he is right—and, as happens to men of narrow views, such conviction is chronic—he would cheerfully go to the stake rather than yield a hair’s breadth.

To-night, after ticklish fight round the body of that interesting person, the Impenitent Member, PRINCE ARTHUR arranged to postpone further discussion on the hanging (or suspension) Rule, going on with the rest as they stood in order. Everything amicably settled, when up gat Lord HUGH, and, wringing his hands, as if feeling them already incarnadined with his cousin’s blood, protested against proceeding with the discussion of Rules re-arranging time of sittings.

“Really, I can’t please everybody,” PRINCE ARTHUR wailed in tone of anguish that would have reached any but a cousin’s heart.

On consideration he found it desirable to please Lord HUGH, who thus had his way in altering business of the sitting.

Business done.—Discussing Rules of Procedure.

Tuesday night.—Truly troubles never come singly. Of late we had the Speaker and Chairman of Ways and Means both *hors de combat*. Necessary to obtain remount. Avoided War Office. New Standing Order makes desired provision. Now everyone sorry to hear the Chaplain is on the sick list. Members hurried down for prayers, with mundane curiosity, to see what would be done in sad circumstances.

“Is the Chaplain recognised in the Standing Orders?” I asked SARK.

“No, only in Holy Orders,” he replied; a little inconsequentially, I thought.

Rumour current on House assembling

that provision made by the electors of the Sleaford Division of Lincolnshire would be utilised, and that Dr. HARRY CHAPLIN, D.L., D.D., would officiate. Nothing unreasonable in the suggestion. Out of office now, time hangs heavy on his hands. Pécular appropriateness in this disposal of his time. Think what a Dean he would have made, supposing his attention had, whilst still at Christ Church, been turned from politics towards the pulpit! One can see him in his gaiters and shovel hat walking about the Cathedral precincts diffusing an atmosphere of almost unctuous devotion.

That was not to be. Nor did he to-day read prayers in the House. Partly made up for it to-night by reading his late colleagues on Treasury bench a First Lesson in art of amending Procedure. Has hitherto borne with dignified, almost archdiaconal, reserve his cutting off from Ministerial position. But he is, after all, partly human. Could not resist temptation of prodding PRINCE ARTHUR in the back, or wholly hide gratification at evidence of his right hon. friend’s extreme irritation.

Business done.—Pegging away at Procedure.

Thursday night.—“That’s what I call doggery,” said a Member of the Chesham Local Council.

At last week’s meeting a parishioner, in accordance with regulation, submitted proposed epitaph for the grave of a relative. The Clerk read out the lines:—

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me;
And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea.

There followed a pause of pained

amazement as the Councillors looked at each other. Silence was broken by an emphatic voice: "That's what I call doggery."

The Council agreed; unanimously refused desired authority.

It is a beautiful word, compound in its construction, subtle in its suggestion of shades of meaning. When I hear the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD lamenting decadence of Parliament, invoking the shade of WILKES because it is proposed to insist upon apology from a Member who has deliberately defied authority of the Chair; when I hear HENRY FOWLER and JEMMY LOWTHER declare their preference for dealing with Supply after dinner on Friday nights, I find my lips murmuring, with the Chesham Councillor:

"That's what I call doggery."

PRINCE ARTHUR, in clever speech defending week-end proposals, had sly effective hit at HENRY FOWLER and the Right Honourable JEMMY. They protested against morning sittings on Friday on score of difficulty of making a House. Let them examine their conscience and declare what measure of assistance has been forthcoming from either of them in dealing with Supply after eight o'clock on Friday nights. H. F. looked straight before him unheeding; JEMMY, more ingenuous, hung his head as doth the tired lily, and blushed as he thought of days spent at Newmarket, Epsom, and Ascot, whilst others slaved at Westminster.

Opposition to Procedure Rules has led to incessant outpouring of doggery. Only thing to be said for Opposition is, that, had position of parties been reversed, whilst C.-B. and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD would have extolled and defended the new Rules, PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ would have supplied the doggery.

Business done.—Decided by majority of 97 in House of 429 Members to round off Parliamentary week-ends.

Friday night.—CLAUDE LOWTHER didn't get the Victoria Cross, though he won it at Faber's Point. Has shown even more desperate courage in campaign at Westminster. One of the new Rules of Procedure invests the SPEAKER with power to suspend a sitting at crises of grave disorder. CLAUDE LOWTHER, wearing the white waistcoat of a blameless life, rose from a kopje above the Gangway and fired off proposal that SPEAKER should further be empowered to prolong a sitting. When laughter excited by this quaint suggestion subsided, the gallant Yeomanry captain (nothing to do with remounts) disclosed what was rankling in his warlike bosom. It was HUGH CECIL and his famous Lobby manoeuvre of Wednesday week, whereby he wrecked chances of Deceased Wife's Sister Bill. If the SPEAKER had possessed the power

proposed to be added to his elbow, he would have defeated what CLAUDE LOWTHER, turning his white waistcoat full upon Lord HUGH cowering below the Gangway, described as "the machinations of fanatic faddists."

House delighted with this bold proposal by a new Member. In elation of moment, CLAUDE begged formally to submit his proposal as an amendment to the Rules. The SPEAKER gently but firmly pointed out there was an amendment already before the House, which must have some consideration paid to it. Somehow or other, in what followed nothing more was heard of CLAUDE's amendment. But the effort was recog-



Dr. Chaplin, D.D.

nised as a very good start for a new Member. The Radical blood of ALFRED DAVIES pleasingly stirred by disclosure of personal difference between scions of the governing classes.

"When LOWTHERS and CECILS fall out," he said, "humble citizens may hope to come into their own. Will the COLONIAL SECRETARY kindly note this incident?"

Business done.—Committee of Supply on Naval Estimates. SARK brings me word that a proposal is on foot to call the annexed Boer provinces "Joedesia."

"FROM CRADLE TO CROWN" is the title of a serial to be brought out in sixpenny parts. "I am afraid," writes to us TOM TOPER, of Old Port House, "that this title will prevent me from copyrighting my Story of a Bottle of Fine Old Burgundy, which was placed after dinner on the table, and from its 'cradle' went up into my crown."

MILITARY MEMS.

MY GOOD AND GALLANT SIR,—I think we warriors might be very helpful to the powers that are in Winchester House and its neighbourhood. A young relative of mine—he was young then, half a century ago—once had a chair in the War Department. I used to look in upon him now and again, and, so far as I could make out, his chief duties were to read the morning paper, to wear a button-hole, and to get to the park by twelve noon, and later on at a decent hour. In those distant days it used to be said of the civil servants that they were like the fountains in Trafalgar Square, "because they played from ten to four." Well, this was half a century ago, and things have changed since the date of which I am speaking. Nowadays my young relative—he is quite old according to *Who's Who*—has to work (I use his expression) "like a nigger," and scarcely has time for his annual holiday, and this being so I really think I could help him.

It will be remembered that the poorer subalterns of that gallant and scientific body of men, the R.A.M.C., when detached from their regiment, suddenly became combatant—very combatant officers. I remember a lieutenant (not a surgeon-lieutenant, but a lieutenant) telling me with glee that "he had now sufficient orderlies under him to organise squad and even company drill." I was asked to admit that I would feel more comfortable when lying wounded if I only knew that the bearers who were coming to carry me away could move into line to the right or retire in column in rear of the centre company. Well, the grateful thought would be pleasing if I were sure that the instructions of the drill book would not oust from memory the duties of "first aid." Now, at the War Office I fancy many of the messengers have been in the service, and those who have not would benefit equally from the exercises I would propose to introduce.

I would suggest a drill to be known as "How to resist," not cavalry, but "public importunity." If I were at Pall Mall I would seize and prove my squad of official attendants. I would then speak somewhat as follows:—"Messengers! Attention! At the word 'one' take the visitor's card and bring it in, slow time, level with the eyes. At the word 'two' carry it sharply to the right and return it. At the word 'three' observe 'the gentleman's pout,' right about turn and exit."

In course of time I would be able to frame a very valuable "Civilian Officials' Drill Book." So, after all, we retired warriors may be of value in the War Office.

A. DUGOUT, Captain.



G. L. STAMPA. 1901.

VERY NECESSARY.*Young Wife.* "I'M SO HAPPY! I WONDER YOU NEVER MARRIED."*Elderly Spinster.* "MY CHILD, I'VE ALWAYS SAID I NEVER WOULD AND NEVER COULD MARRY UNTIL I MET A MAN DIFFERENT FROM OTHER MEN AND FULL OF COURAGE."*Young Wife.* "OF COURSE YOU COULDN'T. HOW STUPID OF ME."

AUTHORS AT BOW STREET.

II.

At the adjourned sitting of the Court, HENRY JAMES, 58, described as an author, was charged under the Game Laws with splitting hairs.

The evidence of Mr. GUY BOOTHBY as to the prisoner's misdemeanours having been taken, the prisoner entered upon an exhaustive manifesto in which he was understood to plead not guilty.

Sentence was about to be passed when Mr. HENRY HARLAND, a friend of the prisoner, arose to point out that Mr. JAMES had not yet begun his defence, but had merely asked with the utmost delicacy if he might be accommodated with a glass of water.

On this being supplied to him he spoke as follows: "If, as I understand, or, as it has been with much courtesy demonstrated to me, I am, so to speak, charged, or, in a sense, convicted—no, not convicted; certainly not; I cannot think how that word, so rudely, so coarsely, I might say, committal, can have escaped me, but I trust your lordships—I should say, your worships—will endeavour to forget an interjection of such palpable infelicity—to obliterate it from your consciences as though it had never been; if, as I was saying, I am charged with, in a manner, splitting hairs, I would remark in extenuation—no, not extenuation, for that bears perceptibly the likeness of implying guilt or, as it were, admitting liability, whereas it is my sole purpose here, in as clear and scrupulously veracious a way as is permitted to frail human nature gifted with but one tongue for the phrasing of a myriad shades of exactitude; my sole purpose here, as I was endeavouring with approximate clarity to say, is to adhere with the utmost precision—or, at any rate, utmost possible precision in a court of law—and accuracy to—"

At this moment the Court awoke and adjourned for luncheon. After the interval, although every effort was made, Mr. JAMES could not be found. The Bench remarked that there was no need for them to say anything more, as Mr. JAMES, who was obviously guilty, had forestalled them in the longest sentence on record.

MOBERLY BELL, manager of the *Times*, was charged with the manslaughter of *Literature*.

Mr. BELL stated in defence that the child died from natural causes; it was always weekly and had a poor circulation from the first.

Dr. CLAUDIUS CLEAR corroborated this statement.

The prisoner further stated that no expense had been spared over the funeral, and *Literature* was now respectfully interred in the *Academy*.

The case was dismissed.

ANTHONY HOPE, 39, of no fixed abode, was charged under the Alien Immigration Act with being a suspicious person. Evidence was given by the police to show that the prisoner was in the habit of loitering in the neighbourhood of the New Vagabonds' Club, in itself a significant action. He had also endeavoured to get into Parliament. Another very awkward fact against him was that he went under an alias. His real name, they had ascertained, was HAWKINS. They had also discovered that he came from Ruritania, and had some connection with the famous *Prisoner of Zenda*, con-



Brer Fox. "That's bad! Barometer falling, thermometer rising, and just as I was beginning to enjoy my holidays!"

cerning whom, it will be remembered, Messrs. MUME made so many applications for extradition.

The prisoner, on being asked if his name was really HAWKINS, admitted it, but would give no reason for preferring to call himself HOPE.

Lord BRAMPTON and Mr. ALBERT CHEVALIER were called to prove that HAWKINS was a first-class name.

Mr. A. P. WATT stated that from his experience a man might do more under the name of HOPE. The remainder of his evidence was indistinctly heard, but something sounded like ten per cent.

The prisoner, in his defence, said that he had merely been looking for competitors for the NÖBEL Prize. He denied that he was breaking any law, and asserted that his pedigree might be found in *Pilkerton's Peerage*.

The Bench remanded him for enquiries to be made.

ALGERNON ASHTON, Professor of Music, who gave an address in Bury Street, was charged with neglecting his duties as Inspector of Mausoleums.

On the evidence of Sir DOUGLAS STRAIGHT, editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, it was shown that Mr. ASHTON had omitted to notify to the public press that a spider had spun its web on a corner of the tomb of MARTIN TUPPER, author of *Proverbial Philosophy*. This, it was contended, constituted a grave dereliction of duty on the part of Mr. ASHTON.

The prisoner, in his defence, explained that he had heard of the scandalous state of TUPPER's tomb only a day or so before, and was intending to visit it in, his official capacity at the earliest possible moment.

He would point out to the Bench that he was but human, and he had to take tombs in rotation. In the ordinary course of affairs, for example, he would visit the grave of ANNA SEWARD before that of MARTIN TUPPER. He promised, however, to attend to TUPPER's at once, even if the delay caused a spot of mildew to develop on the stone of the Swan of Lichfield.

Sir HUBERT PARRY, called for the prisoner, testified, as Director of the Royal College of Music, where Mr. ASHTON was a Professor, that Mr. ASHTON's pupils were distinguished by the extraordinary pathos with which they rendered CHOPIN's *Marche Funèbre* and the study on the black keys.

Other testimony in favour of the prisoner's mortuary thoroughness having been offered by Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN, and Miss CLO GRAVES, Mr. ASHTON was liberated on a promise of increased zeal in the future. He hastened away at once in his private hearse to catch the Necropolitan express to Kensal Green.

"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY," &c.—The "Mice" are playing at the Lyric (with the "Men" under Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON's command), but one of the lot, A *Country Mouse*, has evidently contrived to escape and appear on the stage of the Prince of Wales's.

THE SUGAR CONFERENCE.—If they cannot arrive at any certain *modus operandi*, the Representatives of the countries interested have determined to "lump it."

OUR MISTRESS THE MAID.

III.

WHEN AUGUSTA first came to us she had no friends in London. GWEN and I had done our best to make up for the deficiency, but there came a time when we felt that not even the compensating attractions of the Tivoli and the Empire could make up for the want of more congenial society. In a word, AUGUSTA was *blasée*—such, at least, was the thought which GWEN, who habitually judges others by herself, declared to be the offspring of my own unspoken wish. At any rate, there came a lull in our gaieties, and now, her work done, AUGUSTA would sit apart in her lonely kitchen gazing sadly into the fire. In vain GWENDOLEN besought her to go out, to look at the pretty shops, to walk in the park. AUGUSTA refused to budge. She had no one to go with; she hated walking alone, and it made her sad to see the happy couples sitting under the trees, while she could not even glory in a hired military escort. Whenever GWEN and I were having our after-dinner chat, the image of the general crossed our minds, and at length it became so haunting and oppressive that GWEN urged me to consult the neighbouring Scotch parson.

"Parson!" I gasped.

"Yes, to be sure. Have you never heard of such a thing before? Tell him about AUGUSTA, make him interested in her, and get him to send up someone to call on her."

My embassy was at once successful. Scarce a day passed before visitors began to ask for AUGUSTA, and in a couple of months her circle had far outgrown our own. We no longer had to urge her to take a walk; social duties claimed every spare moment, and although she kindly made a point of accepting no engagements for GWENDOLEN's "days," on other afternoons she was seldom at home. Of course, as we had always been urging her to go out, we could not now find fault with her for not staying in; but as the time of her return steadily drew nearer to our supposed dinner hour, GWEN, who, when meals are late, is not quite safe, became more and more unapproachable.

"I wish AUGUSTA would have her regular evenings out," she said.

"So do I," I exclaimed.

"Half-past seven, and she's not in yet. It's most annoying."

"Why not speak to her?" I suggested.

"Speak to her!" cried GWEN. "You can't say things to AUGUSTA."

"But, my dear girl—"

"Don't say that!"

"Sorry. What I mean to say is, you are the mistress here—"



A LATTER-DAY DECADENT.

He. "BEEN STOPPED TERRIBLY OFTEN BY FROST THIS SEASON!"

She. "YES; BUT I HAVE NOT BEEN ALTOGETHER SORRY."

He. "NOT SORRY?"

She. "NO. YOU SEE I HAVE HAD ALL THE MORE TIME FOR PRACTICE. PING-PONG, I MEAN, OF COURSE!"

"Am I?"

"Well, if it comes to that, I suppose you could tell her to go—"

"Could I?"

"Couldn't you?"

"No. Could you?"

"Well, I suppose if it were absolutely necessary—"

"For Heaven's sake, don't then! It's all very well for you, who go out in the morning, but how could I make conversation when she is clearing away the breakfast things, after she had been given warning?"

"Why try to make it?"

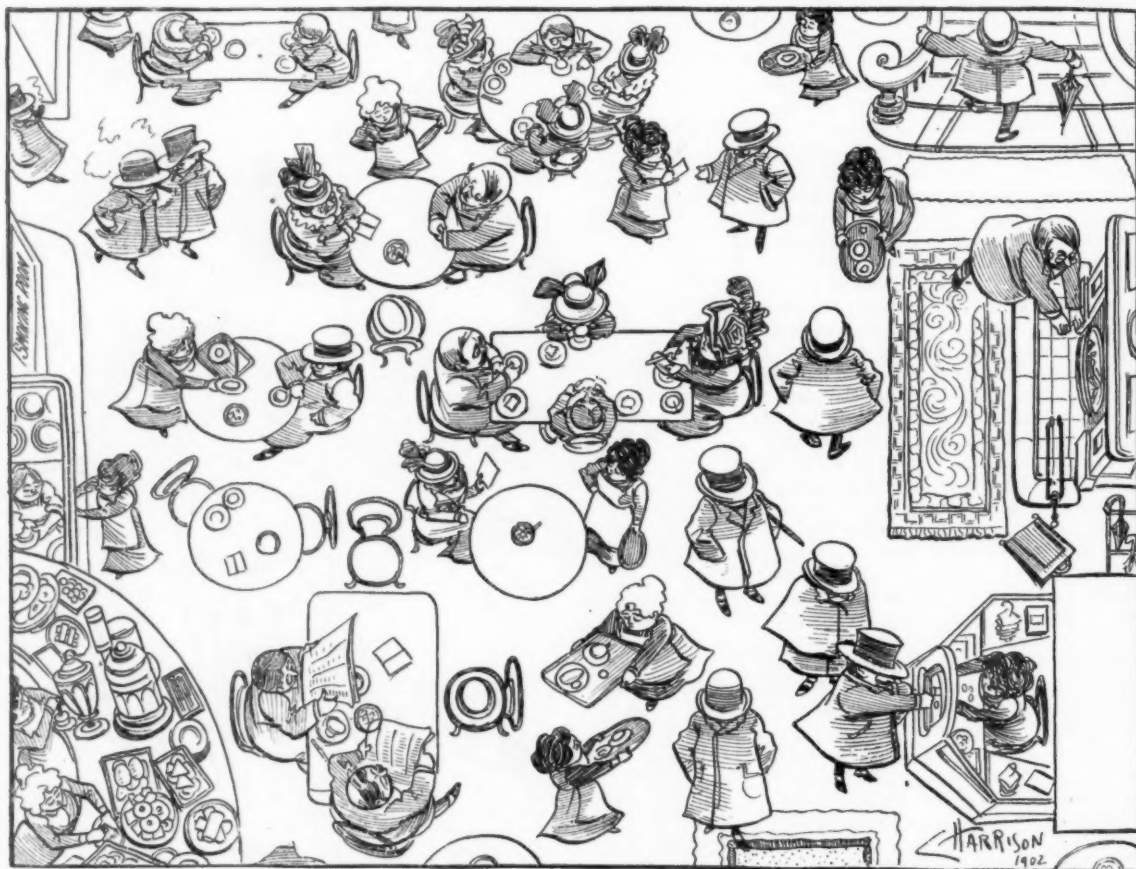
"Simply because I must. You know

you have to talk to AUGUSTA when she is in the room."

This was true. Whenever I chanced to see AUGUSTA my brain instinctively set to work to manufacture small talk for her benefit. It was the oil without which the machinery refused to run, and many a morning have I missed my train while listening to those anecdotes whose conclusion AUGUSTA's artistic sense of ornament and finish would never permit her to hasten.

I came home one foggy evening to find GWENDOLEN busy at an open window, spreading out the silver on the sill.

"What are you doing?" I exclaimed.



SKYLIGHT VIEWS—A WEST-END TEA-SHOP.

"Oh, JACK, AUGUSTA went out to an afternoon tea. She hasn't touched the silver for a month, and it got so on my nerves that I simply *had* to clean it, so I went into the kitchen, stole the whitening—"

"But the fog, my dear—"

"Yes, I know. I got the silver all beautifully bright, and then I sat down to read, and suddenly it struck me that when AUGUSTA came back she would see what I had been doing—"

"And a jolly good thing too!"

"Oh no, she would be so hurt at my poaching on her preserves."

"But if she neglects her work—"

"I can't help it! I won't have her disapproving of me."

"My dear," I began firmly, "It's preposterous! It is just the same with our bicycles. She officiously took them over into her charge, and cleaned them once, six months ago, and now they are red with rust, and you won't let me touch them for fear of hurting AUGUSTA's precious feelings."

"Certainly not, JACK! When AUGUSTA

is in her moods I'm simply miserable, and I won't have it, so there! Come and help me get this silver dirty again, then you might go into the kitchen and sweep up some whitening that I spilt. AUGUSTA must not find out what I have been doing."

With the kindly aid of the fog we succeeded in hiding our crime from AUGUSTA, but our next offence was not in its nature capable of concealment. AUGUSTA had more than once given us to understand that she disapproved of dogs, and it was in a spirit of sheer recklessness that I ventured to bring home our pup. She eyed it at first in amazement, nor did she seem convinced by my story that it was a present from a dog-fancier. GWEN and I spent several days in painful apprehension, fearfully watching her attitude towards the pup. In diplomatic language this, I believe, at first would have been described as "correct": there were no demonstrations of affection or hatred, and an occasional word seemed to indicate that the relations between the

powers were of a friendly nature. Gradually, however, these relations became more strained; and before a fortnight was over, AUGUSTA was cutting Nig in the passage.

(To be concluded.)

HALF-A-DOZEN REASONS WHY THE TEST MATCHES WENT WRONG.

(By a Mother Countryman.)

BECAUSE the luck was always on the other side.

Because accidents will happen in the best regulated cricket teams.

Because the weather favoured the Cornstalks.

Because, in a case of batting and fielding, there is no place like home.

Because everything might have been better.

Because—and best reason of all—the test matches did not go right.

SMALL-FOX "RETURNS."—Yes, but when is it going away?